

the internal, a sense of which peculiarity drew on Byron some ridicule. I mean that it was the intention of Nature, that neither should ever grow fat, but remain a Cassius in the commonwealth. And both these heads are taken, while they were at an early age, and so thin as to be still beautiful. This head of Napoleon is of a stern beauty. A head must be of a style either very stern or very chaste, to make a deep impression on the beholder; there must be a great force of will and withholding of resources, giving a sense of depth below depth, which we call sternness; or else there must be that purity, flowing as from an inexhaustible fountain through every lineament, which drives far off or converts all baser natures. Napoleon's head is of the first description; it is stern, and not only so, but ruthless. Yet this ruthlessness excites no aversion; the artist has caught its true character, and given us here the Attila, the instrument of fate to serve a purpose not his own. While looking on it, came full to mind the well known lines —

" Speak gently of his crimes.
Who knows, Scourge of God, but in His eyes those crimes
Were virtues."

His brows are tense and damp with the dews of thought. In that head you see the great future, careless of the black and white stones; and even when you turn to the voluptuous beauty of the mouth, the impression remains so strong, that Russia's snows, and mountains of the slain, seem the tragedy that must naturally follow the appearance of such an actor. You turn from him, feeling that he is a product not of the day, but of the ages, and that the ages must judge him.

Near him is a head of Ennius, very intellectual; self-centered and self-fed; but wrung and gnawed by unceasing thoughts.

Yet even near the Ennius and Napoleon, our American men look worthy to be perpetuated in marble or bronze, if it were only for their air of calm unpretending sagacity. If the young American were to walk up an avenue lined with such effigies, he might not feel called to such greatness as the strong Roman wrinkles tell of, but he must feel that he could not live an idle life, and should nerve himself to lift an Atlas weight without reining or shrinking.

The busts of Everett and Allston, though admirable as everyday likenesses, deserved a genius of a different order from Clevenger. Clevenger gives the man as he is at the moment, but does not show the possibilities of his existence. Even thus seen the head of Mr. Everett brings back all the age of Pericles, so refined and classic is its beauty. The two busts of Mr. Webster by Clevenger and Powers are the difference be-

tween prose, healthy, and energetic prose indeed, but still prose, and poetry. Clevenger's is such as we see Mr. Webster on any public occasion, when his genius is not called forth. No child could fail to recognise it in a moment. Powers's is not so good as a likeness, but has the higher merit of being an ideal of the orator and statesman at a great moment. It is quite an American Jupiter in its eagle calmness of conscious power.

Of the groups many are our old friends, and have been noticed elsewhere. The sleeping Cleopatra cannot be looked at enough, always her sleep seems sweeter and more graceful, always more wonderful the drapery. A little Psyche, by a pupil of Bartolini, pleases us much thus far. The forlorn sweetness with which she sits there, crouched down like a bruised butterfly, and the languid tenacity of her mood are very touching. The Mercury and Ganymede with the Eagle by Thorwaldsen are still as fine as on first acquaintance. Thorwaldsen seems the grandest and simplest of modern sculptors. There is a breadth in his thought, a freedom in his design, we do not see elsewhere.

A spaniel by Gott shows great talent and knowledge of the animal. The head is admirable; it is so full of playfulness and doggish knowingness.

But it is impossible in a short notice to particularize farther. For each of these objects, that claims attention at all, deserves a chapter to express the thoughts it calls out. Another year we hope to see them all again, and then to have space and time to do them such honor as feeling would prompt to-day.

We hope the beauty of the following lines, suggested to a "friend and correspondent" by a picture now in the Athenæum Gallery, called "The Dream," may atone for the brevity and haste of our little notice.

"THE DREAM."

A youth, with gentle brow and tender cheek,
Dreams in a place so silent; that no bird,
No rustle of the leaves his slumbers break;
Only soft tinkling from the stream is heard,
As its bright little waves flow forth to greet
The beauteous One, and play upon his feet.

On a low bank beneath the thick shade thrown,
Soft gleams over his brown hair are flitting,
His golden plumes, bending, all lovely shone;
It seemed an angel's home where he was sitting;
Erect beside a silver lily grew;
And over all the shadow its sweet beauty threw.

Dreams he of life? O, then a noble maid
Toward him floats, with eyes of starry light,
In richest robes all radiantly arrayed
To be his ladye and his dear delight.
Ah no! the distance shows a winding stream;
No lovely ladye comes, no starry eyes do gleam.

Cold is the air, and cold the mountains blue;
The banks are brown, and men are lying there,
Meagre and old. But what have they to do
With joyous visions of a youth so fair?
He must not ever sleep as they are sleeping,
Onward through life he should be ever sweeping.

Let the pale glimmering distance pass away;
Why in the twilight art thou slumbering there?
Wake and come forth into triumphant day,
Thy life and deeds must all be great and fair;
Canst thou not from the lily learn true glory,
Pure, lofty, lowly? — Such should be thy story.

But no! I see thou lov'st the deep-eyed Past,
And thy heart clings to sweet remembrances.
In dim cathedral-aisle thou'lt linger last
And fill thy mind with fitting fantasies.
Yet know, dear One, the world is rich to-day,
And the unceasing God gives glory forth alway.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

AIRs of Palestine, and other Poems. By John Pierpont. Boston: James Munroe and Company. 12mo. pp. 334.

Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature. Edited by George Ripley. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. Containing German Literature, translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel. By C. C. Felton. In Three Volumes. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company. 12mo. pp. 352, 428.

Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 483.

This is a voice from the fore-castle. Though a narrative of literal, prosaic truth, it possesses something of the romantic charm of Robinson Crusoe. Few more interesting chapters of the literature of the sea have ever fallen under our notice. The author left the halls of the University for the deck of a merchant vessel, exchanging "the tight dress coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, for the loose duck trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor," and here presents us the fruits of his voyage. His book

will have a wide circulation; it will be praised in the public prints; we shall be told that it does honor to his head and heart; but we trust that it will do much more than this; that it will open the eyes of many to the condition of the sailor, to the fearful waste of man, by which the luxuries of foreign climes are made to increase the amount of commercial wealth. This simple narrative, stamped with deep sincerity, and often displaying an unstudied, pathetic eloquence, may lead to reflections, which mere argument and sentimental appeals do not call forth. It will serve to hasten the day of reckoning between society and the sailor, which, though late, will not fail to come.

Theory of Legislation; by Jeremy Bentham. Translated from the French of Etienne Dumont, by R. Hildreth. In Two Volumes. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company. 12mo. pp. 273, 268.

The Law and Custom of Slavery in British India, in a Series of Letters to Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. By William Adam. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company. 12mo. pp. 279.

The Laboring Classes. An Article from the Boston Quarterly Review. By O. A. Brownson. Third Edition. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 24.

Oration before the Democracy of Worcester and Vicinity, delivered at Worcester, Mass., by O. A. Brownson, July 4, 1840. Boston and Worcester. 8vo. pp. 38.

Remarks on the Bunker Hill Monument, addressed to the Ladies engaged in getting up the Fair for its Completion. By Elliott. Portsmouth: C. W. Brewster. 12mo. pp. 12.

A Discourse on Liberty, delivered before an Assembly of the Friends of Emancipation, in the Christian Chapel, in Providence, July 4, 1840. By Thomas P. Rodman. Providence. 8vo. pp. 15.

Faust; A Dramatic Poem, by Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c. By A. Hayward, Esq. First American, from the third London Edition. Lowell and New York. 12mo. pp. 317.

A Collection of the Political Writings of William Leggett, selected and arranged, with a Preface, by Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. In Two Volumes. New York. 12mo. pp. 312, 336.

Social Destiny of Man: or Association and Reorganization of Industry. By Albert Brisbane. Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 480.

This work is designed to give a condensed view of the system of M. Fourier, for the improvement and elevation of productive industry. It will be read with deep interest by a large class of our population. The name of Fourier may be placed at the